

RIPPER CRIME ON SUICIDE ROW

TRACKS OF MURDERER FOUND IN MARBLE CEMETERY.

Conflict of Evidence Causes Police to Hold Brother-in-Law of Dead Woman, Who Lived With Her—Squall Tragedy of Bowsy Life—Squall Near Death.

Some time near midnight on Monday a man stole through the old New York Marble Cemetery that lies hidden in the heart of a city block in the swarming East Side. He climbed from the walls of the burying ground to a window of a house in Suicide Row, on Second street just off the Bowery. The man murdered Annie Moore in her room in the house and then mutilated her body as Jack the Ripper slashed his victims in London's Whitechapel. He climbed back out of the window and over the wall where the dead of a past generation lie sealed up in rows and disappeared.

This is the story as told by conditions yesterday in the city's history. But the police, ignoring this fact of the evidence, have looked up James Moore, the brother-in-law and companion of the woman, on a charge of murder.

At 1 o'clock yesterday morning James Moore went back to his room after having spent the evening drinking in a saloon at 229 Bowery on 50 cents which he had borrowed from a friend early in the evening. As Moore walked slowly back to the house at Second street, where for the last month he and Annie Moore had been living, he stopped many times to cough, for he is far spent in consumption and has hardly enough strength left to raise a schooner of Bowsy beer to his lips.

He toiled up the stairs to his room. At the head of the stairs he heard a strange clanking noise. He lit a match and in the light he saw a gray cat crouched with its nose to the crack of the door that leads to his room. Its tail was switching and it made a confused clanking noise in its throat. Moore kicked the cat away and went into the room.

Policeman Grady was standing outside McGurk's saloon on the Bowery watching the last of the "green house" men reel home to sleep after the closing of the saloons. He saw a man running toward him and he heard the wheeze of his breathing at a distance. The man was James Moore. He sawed on with livid face and "Come," he whispered between gasps, "somebody has murdered my wife. They have cut her all to pieces with a knife. She's back in the room there all—ugh."

Policeman Grady went back with Moore to the room in the brick house in Suicide Row. He found Annie Moore lying on the bed in a shabby front room on the second story, fully dressed in a white dress and skirt of dark material with some very thin edged knife or stiletto, which severed the jugular vein. After this fatal blow had been struck the man who murdered her had slashed again at the throat from the lobe of the left ear to the point of the chin. A third blow had been driven under the left breast and a fourth sweeping cut had laid open her abdomen for several inches.

Grady looked about the room for evidence. It was a sordid, squalid place, furnished with broken down furniture and grimy with dirt. On the table near a battered stove with the remnants of an evening meal. The lea of a cup of coffee which the woman had evidently brewed for herself streaked the side of the cup. On the table there were three knives, two case knives and a broad bladed butcher knife. All three of the knives were clean. There was no other weapon.

The policeman placed Moore under arrest and took him to the Fifth street station house. Capt. McDermott immediately detailed Detectives Benjamin and Wasserman and Patrolman Freund to work on the case. These men went back and made a thorough overhauling of the room where the murder had been committed. Upon close inspection of the bedding they discovered a bloody thumb mark on the edge of one of the sheets. The imprint is faint, yet sufficiently outlined to send a man to the electric chair should he have a thumb whose lines tally with it. A photograph of this sole bit of important evidence will be made and kept for reference.

At the station house the consumptive who had been detained as a suspicious person was stripped and searched. No knife or weapon of any kind was found on him, nor were there marks of blood on his clothes. Moore loudly proclaimed his innocence while the police were searching him, but he was held to await the action of the Coroner.

With the coming of daylight the detectives began to search for evidence of the murderer's coming and going. George Healing and his wife, who keep the house at 6 Second street, live on the ground floor, their front room being next the hallway leading from the front door to the stairway. Healing told the detective that he saw Annie Moore go out of the house about 5:30 o'clock and return with a bundle of groceries under her arm a few minutes afterward. That was the last time he saw her alive.

At about 10 o'clock, Healing said, James Moore went up the steps and called to him through the open window to let him in, as he had forgotten his key. Healing said that he sat at the open window from that time on until 11 o'clock and that he saw nobody come in or leave the house. He was certain that he would have heard the door click if anybody had passed through the front door.

On the second floor there are three rooms, that of Moore and the woman he lived with, a room where Herman von Kohlen sleeps and a third room which is occupied on one or two nights of the week by a man whose name Healing said he did not know. At the head of the stairs there is a window, open day and night during the hot weather. This window looks out on a tangle of low roofs and sheds beyond which the high, thick wall of the old Marble cemetery. This old burial place is set in the heart of the block, bounded by the Bowery and Second avenue, Second and Third streets. Tenements and brick lodging houses are the lowest type hedge this little spot of green about on four sides, entrance being given to it by iron gates on Second avenue, which are always kept locked, save when the gardener comes to rake away the leaves from the sward.

When they went into this hidden cemetery yesterday the detectives found at the far end an old section of iron fire escape ladder lying next the wall immediately back of the house where the murder was done. Two fresh holes in the flower bed at the bottom of the wall showed where the iron ladder had been recently propped against the wall. The gardener said he had not used the ladder in months. On top of the wall was found fresh earth, such as would be caught up in the instep of a shoe by one stepping in the garden, and further along, where the wall crooked and a shed roof abutted, there was another trace of the garden earth.

over the heads of the dead sealed in the yard-thick wall to get at his victim.

Another arrest was made yesterday. At the instance of Captain McDermott, Edward Moore, 18 years old, an epileptic son of James Moore, living with his mother apart from his father at 501 East Fifth street, was taken into custody, it being believed that he could cast some light upon the relations between Moore, whom the police persist in suspecting, and the dead woman. The police also learned that young Edward has been known to visit the home of the dead woman at times and threaten her with violence. He believed that Annie Moore was responsible for his father having left his mother and gone to live with her. The boy asserted when the police took him into custody that he had been at home with his mother all Monday night and that statement was corroborated by his mother.

James Moore was arraigned before Coroner Artell in the East Fifth street station house in the course of the morning, and on the testimony offered by Edward he was sent to the Tombs without bail on a charge of murder. Young Moore told the Coroner that on Sunday night he went to the dead woman's room, and saw her lying on the bed. Her eyes were both blackened and several of her teeth had been knocked out. He asked her who had beaten her, and she replied, "That sick man," by whom the boy said she meant his father.

Moore himself stuck to the story that he first told the police, about finding the woman's body, but the Coroner laid more weight on the son's statement.

James Moore is a frayed and broken wreck of a man, a rack of dry bones, enough to have inflicted the ripping cuts in the body of the woman. He is a man whose wrecks are caught by the tide and cast up on the pavements of the Bowery.

When his brother, Peter Moore, went insane fifteen years ago and was committed to an asylum, James Moore married his own wife and child and went to live with Annie Moore, the wife of his brother. A product of the slums, Annie Moore, a living, he stopped many times to cough, for he is far spent in consumption and has hardly enough strength left to raise a schooner of Bowsy beer to his lips.

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SLEW WOMAN WHO DENIED HIM

WINTERSTEIN, SEA MACHINIST, TRIES DOUBLE MURDER.

As the Murderer Was About to Shoot Himself Policeman Kelly Tackled Him—He Turned the Weapon on the Cop, Who Beat Him Into Submission.

Because he had been cast aside for another man Martin Winterstein, a machinist on the steamship Colon of the Panama Line, shot and killed Annie Larsen in her room, at 484 Henry street, Brooklyn, yesterday morning, wounded Fannie Bruhn, a cousin of the dead woman, who lived with her, and tried to kill Robert J. Kelly, a policeman, who closed in on him when he was about to commit suicide. Mrs. Bruhn is not dangerously wounded. She is a prisoner in the Long Island College Hospital, detained as a witness. Louis Johnson, who was living with Annie Larsen and Walter Smith, who had been living with Mrs. Bruhn, are looked up as witnesses.

Winterstein is a German, about 25 years old, and had known Annie Larsen ten years. She had been married but had left her husband. Winterstein gave his money freely to her and they lived as man and wife for several years at 72 Pacific street. Mrs. Bruhn soon came to live with her cousin and three months ago the outfit moved to 484 Henry street, where the two women kept house together on an upper floor in four rooms.

Three weeks ago Winterstein got in from Colon and went to Annie Larsen as usual. She told him she wanted nothing more to do with him. He asked Fannie Bruhn to make peace for him and declared that if she failed he would kill Annie Larsen. His efforts to resume his former place in her affection failed and he called away again to Colon with anger in his heart. The ship got back on Sunday and Winterstein went to Henry street. He met Annie Larsen on the street and she again repulsed him. He came around on Sunday night and pleaded with her to take him back, but she said she wanted more time to think matters over. He agreed to come back on Monday and did so. Again she told him she wanted more time. He agreed to return yesterday for his last attempt.

At 7:50 A. M. Winterstein rang the bell. Fannie Bruhn let him in, and told him Annie was in the kitchen. The women were only partly dressed and Fannie Bruhn went to the bedroom. She heard angry words in the kitchen, followed by two shots. Winterstein had put one bullet into the brain of Annie Larsen, the shot entering just below the left eye. The second shot went wild.

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He then rushed into the room where Fannie Bruhn was and fired three shots at her. She threw up her hands. Two bullets hit her right arm, fracturing it. One bullet hit the left arm, inflicting a flesh wound. She screamed and fainted. Winterstein had blamed her for estranging Annie Larsen.

Neighbors heard the shots, and soon the house and street were in uproar. Winterstein walked down stairs and released his five chambered revolver. Pedestrians began to run away from him and to shout. One young man ventured near him and was shot at. Policeman Kelly was at his elbow, 50 Cheever place, just around the corner. He has been acting as a driver at the Amity street police station and had gone home to prepare for the annual inspection. He ran into the street when he heard the shots and approached Winterstein at Union and Henry streets.

Winterstein was about to shoot himself in the mouth and Kelly called to him. Winterstein in response turned and pointed his revolver at Kelly, who was about fifteen feet away. He pulled the trigger twice, but the revolver did not go off. Kelly made a leap for Winterstein, knocked his weapon upward and caught him by the throat. The man struggled for a moment and then Kelly beat Winterstein into submission.

Winterstein declared that he had tried to keep Kelly off so that he might kill himself. A patrol wagon was called and the prisoner was taken to the station house. Dr. Harris of the Long Island College Hospital came with the ambulance and said that the Larsen woman was killed instantly. He took the other woman to the hospital. She gave out a statement to the police and also gave the names of the men with whom she had been living. Smith and Johnson, who were looked up.

Winterstein was taken before Magistrate Doyle in the Butler street police court and held without bail. Winterstein expressed no sorrow when he heard Mrs. Larsen was dead. He said that he was ready to die and was only sorry he had not killed Mrs. Bruhn.

"She was the one who tried to make Annie quit me," he said.

Winterstein was arrested about three months ago, was employed by the Ward Line, for smuggling cigars from Cuba. The case against him could not be proved. The woman he killed was comely, and until Johnson, who is 25, about the age of the woman, came upon the scene she had lived happily with Winterstein when he was in port. He used to send her from \$20 to \$40 a month. On the trip home from Colon he brooded a good deal, his shipmates say, and when the vessel tied up at her berth he was in a bad way. He said on Sunday he got away as soon as he could to have an understanding with the woman. His revolver settled the trouble for the time being.

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